

EAT

E. A. TIMES

May 1972

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CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF 1972

BEST WISHES TO THEM!

LITERARY EDITION AND INCIDENTALS

I have a rather strange ability. It's that I can talk to people's clothes. Being an anti-social person to a great extent, I find this most satisfactory. I have very entertaining conversations with articles of clothing. Clothing, in my opinion, is much nicer, and more rewarding to talk to than people. You don't have to watch out for any inflections in your voice or any badly worded sentences which are apt to get a person into a tremendous argument. You don't have to sort out slips of tongue or worry about inadvertent yawns or a slight hearing deficiency.

Of course, my ability has gotten me into a number of rather touchy situations. A number have left life long scars.

I have had to run around this psychiatrist couch while its owner filled my head with psychologically meant-to-be arguments why I should lie down and spout forth upon the subject of my strange ability. (And things were by far not that easy nor were they made any easier by the fact that this very thick headed psychiatrist's white coat was expounding its wearers great renoun and how good it would be for me to climb on the couch. When I got angry finally and told it to please shut up while I attended to the owner, its owner ran to his cupboard and dragged out this strait-jacket. Man, was that a dicey situation for a while!)

Then I had this never to be forgotten experience with this principal of this school which I was expelled from for being abnormal, among other things. He had just called me into his office to give me this stern talking to about my following this girl everywhere (I was talking to her headband but nobody would believe it) when I heard this sort of strangled gasping from under his desk. Naturally it worried me and so I tried to find out what it was. I don't blame the guy for getting mad at me for climbing all over his desk and trying to climb under it to see where this noise was coming from, but he didn't have to expell me, did he? O.K. so I knocked some stuff off his desk and tipped his chair over with him in it and maybe I did tip this big glass case he had in his office and spill the trophies and stuff everywhere. But he was crushing his poor shoe. He had one foot on top of the other and was pushing down with all his might. That's cruelty, man. Would you do that to a person? But he wouldn't listen to me. As soon as he was calm enough to speak straight out, he kicked me out. I was glad I went in a way: that school was the cruelest school I ever went to. They really did terrible things to the clothes those students wore.

Sometimes there were so many screams of agony that you couldn't think straight. I remember this one particular case where this boy who used to sit beside me would always be squeezing his tie. It was a habit! He was murder on his ties, man. They lived about three hours in his hands, and I'm not kidding. They die terrible deaths. And I always had to listen to their screams. Terrible!

Can you imagine the things that used to happen to me? Like: I am walking down the street. I see this poor little scuffed baby shoe. All dirty and lying in the gutter. I pick it up and comfort it because it is crying its eyes out. (Clothes are just like people in many ways.) Pretty soon I notice these people giving me weird eyes, stares. Or maybe this cap comes up to me and tries to find out what I'm doing. What do I do? Throw the poor little shoe back where I find it and try to turn away, laugh it off, or go on comforting it and be taken into custody by this cap (they don't arrest nut cases) and be taken to the nearest mental home?

Like: I'm riding the bus to school. I get into this conversation: with a boy's skirt and girl's shirt. Suddenly everybody's whispering and poking his neighbor to ask if they see this nut sitting up front. Things like that.

Man, things like that give you an inferiority complex. I'm already terribly self-conscious without listening to all these people telling other people how weird I am.

The world isn't a safe place for me. I have nightmares of waking up clamped in a padded cell for the rest of my life. Say, I can talk to the pads. My great wish is to be able to lock myself in a clothing store for the rest of my life. Then I could live for once. I am doomed to talk to people for the rest of my life. It's heartbreaking! En Dee

"CLOTHES AND PEOPLE DON'T MIX" a short story

THE SPIDER

by En Dee

I got bombed, was high and traveling
through the heavens in my soft bed,
And suddenly saw coming under the door
a big tremendous ugly black spider.
Man, I saw the spider come under my door
And start crawling across the floor
Toward me. Man was he big. He almost hit the ceiling.
Man, he was staring me right in the face.
I said, hello, but he just kept on coming,
Besides being big and ugly he was rude.

I could feel him thinking
About what he was going to do with me.
I could feel him breathing
And the room shook when he moved.
His big eyes bored into mine.
I could see the hairs on his back
And he swayed toward me.

Man, I wasn't scared of what he was going to do to me
'Cos, man, since I believe in telepathy
I knew he was just going to kiss me good night.
continued....

Man, I wasn't scared of this big spider
That came under my bedroom door
And started to crawl across the floor
Toward me on my bed which was riding in the heavens.
'Cos I knew that everything was perfectly alright.

Man then that spider finally got to my bed
And climbed up the blanket
And on to my chin
Then on to my head
And that's where he stayed while we went flying
through the heavens
On my beautiful self bed.

Man, we made friends, me and this spider
Man, we had a good time, me and this spider
Man we were friends, me and this spider
The only thing wrong was that he would not let me land.
I went flying through the air for months and years
With this spider on my head.

* * * * *

TEACHER'S RECESS
by T.D.

Mr. Stemp is on the swing set
A swingin' way up high;
Miss Marken's in her lunch room
Eating apple pie.

Mr. Schmidt is in the Teacher's Room
Talkin' with Mrs. Rae
Of whether two X two should be
Six or eight today.

Mr. Masear and Mr. Sosa
Are actually turning green
After drinking what they thought to be
A glass of listurine!

And so you see, dear teachers
That if this poem was true,
Instead of teaching us,
We'd soon be teaching you!

DON'T CRY, HE'S ALIVE.
IT'S JUST THAT HE'S DEAD.

Called to the office,
Skipped four times that day.
--What were you doing, where were you,
from the first to the fifth period, yesterday?

--In the library, sir.
--What were you doing in the library?
--Trying to find something, sir.
--What were you doing?

continued....

--Trying to find something, sir.
--Oh, what was it you were trying to find?
--I was trying to find that out, sir.
--ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?

--Definitely not, sir.
--Oh, so you skipped four classes,
Wasting precious school time,
Trying to find something in the library?
--Yes, I was desperate, sir.

--YOUR SEARCH WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN LEARNING?
--Yes, it was far more important than school work
Just then, sir.
--You're sure you're not trying to be funny?

--All you wanted to do was laze all day,
And don't you dare to deny it!
--I didn't want to laze, sir.
I spent the whole time searching.

--Are you trying to argue with me?
If you are, I must warn you:
YOU ARE NOT IN A POSITION TO ARGUE.
You will stay after school until five, four days
And that's final.

Since you missed classes at the normal time,
You will stay after school instead.

-----If I nod my head,
I'm dead.
If I nod my head,
I shall die.

If I tell him
That the search was for my life,
That it was undertaken
In terrible fear,
He'll kick me out.

Without pausing to say goodbye
Without pausing to ask me why,
He'll kick me out
And I'll cease to exist,
Because he'll cross me off the list.

He nodded.
He died.
From then on,
He was dead.

Don't cry.
By now he's forgotten why.

En Dee

IT REALLY MEANS

by M.B.

(Taken from MAD)

1. When T.V. ads say:
...and starting next month, your gas and electric company will be introducing new, modern techniques to serve you faster and better!

It really means: another rate increase in on its way!
2. When your parents say:
...we don't have anything against the boy, it's just that you're both too young.

It really means: wait until you find a boy of your own religion who's got money,
3. When a boxing announcer says:
...the challenger is a crafty, colorful, ring-wise veteran!

It really means: he's a dirty fighter.
4. When your best friend says:
...it's not the lousy five clones that you owe me what counts, it's the principle of the thing.

It really means: it's the lousey five dollars.
5. When your boss tells you:
...what an unbelievable idea coincident. I had the very same idea recently.

It really means: thanks for the idea!
6. When the movie ads say:
...we recommend this picture for adults only.

It means really: we want to sucker you teenagers into seeing this bomb.
7. When your best friend is trying to get you a date:
...Charlie, I tell you, she's got this great personality!

It really means: she's ugly!

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BIOGRAPHIES "Student Profiles"

ALFREDO WEITZENFELD. He is twelve years old. Born in Uruguay, he has visited Peru, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, Panama, and finally El Salvador. He is in the eighth grade. Math is his best subject. He is in Mr. Monseratt's Chess Club. His favorite sports are ping-pong, baseball. He speaks Spanish, English, and Hebrew. He likes best in El Salvador Izalco's Volcano. His favorite food is ground meat. His nickname is "Pegoste."

ANNEMARIE HYEN. She was born in Holland on May 6, 1960 and her sign is Taurus. She has lived in Colombia most of her life. She has visited the United States, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. She likes parties, music, basketball, swimming, and American football. She writes poems. Her nickname is "Pumpkin." JO, MH, and S-AI

ISABEL RIVERA. Bown in San Salvador on June 26, 1958 gave her a cancer zodiac sign. She has visited Europe, Mexico, California, Nevada, Kansas, and Guatemala. She came into grade eight from California. She will finish high school in Salvador. Her favorite food is shrimp. She loves blue things. Her favorite sport is American football. She likes math, reading, the song American Pie, and she likes the group Three Dog Night. She likes all animals except skunks and feels her worst insult is "goofy." She dislike parties and dancing. Her nicknames are Pespeleo, DOG AND LIZZARD. By Joanne Oliva, Miriam Hernandez, and Shang-ai.

MARIA SMITH. Born in Salvador on May 29, 1958, Maria claims a Gemini sign. She has just arrive in the eighth grade. She has visited Oregon, California, Mexico, and Guatemala. She likes blue, basketball, hamburgers, horseback riding, and painting. She likes art in high school. She loves to go to parties and she likes movies. Her favorite group is Santana. Her favorite song is Family Affair. Her favorite pets are dogs, horses, and fish. Her worst insult is "pig face." Maria is planning to finish high school at EA. By Joanne Olive, Miriam Hernandez, and Shang-ai.

GRAFFITI

"What would happen if?"

Mark Anderson becomes a dwarf...
Sara Suster would never smile...
Lunches were never stolen. . .
Heidi stops eating carrots...
Ashtrays were put in the bathrooms...
Somebody would stay for a football practice...
Ana Elisa would stop talking. . .
Mr. Schmidt and Silvia Ayala would become "friends". . .
Mrs. McLellan lost her British accent. . .
Mr. Montserrat would shave his moustache and become bald...
Miss Dauber would go on a diet. . .
Pollo would lose his glasses. . .
Mrs. Meenen would become a hippy. . .
Mrs. Serpas would give her classes in "Calishe". . .
Luz Esteves would come to school without make-up. . .
Rick Derum did not take Mentas to class. . .
Linda Whittaker took Connie Argulo's hair styles. . .
Miriam Hernandez would stop saying bad words. . .
The seniors indeed got their lounge. . .

POEM

Your eyes are the mirror of the sky
In which the birds always fly
Your hair shine~~x~~ as gold
To which I devote my soul
Your heart keeps beating in my head
That's why for you I'm half dead. Adelmo Risi

BASKETBALL TEAMS

Primera Catagoria B

Gerald O'Farrel
Mark Anderson
Jorge Arfidson
Michel Arfidson
Carlos Keilhauer
Alonso Velasco
Carlos Pineda
Allan Griffin
Manuel Zelaya
Rafael Barahona
Alvaro Puente

Segunda Catagoria A Girls

Sara Suster
Rose Marie Mayen
Lorena Portillo
Elena Ghiringhello
Connie Argulo
Mirian Pardo
Heidi Winkelman
Evelhn Tobar
Patricia Spillsbury
Eugenia Brizuela
Alicia Menendez
Guadalupe Rubio

JUVENIL

Genoveva Ochoa
Ana Julia Hill
Kathy Daglio
Leonor Alavarengo
Lorena Vilanova
Suzi Winkleman
Ma. de Los Angeles Albanez
Patricia Calles
Marta Lorena Velasco
Simonetta Paggi
Marta Elisa Rivas
Patricia Allwood
Marta Beatriz Brizuela

*Congratulations
to our
teams!!*

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF '72

Christine	I leave my white skin and complexion to Ana Camacho.
Miriam	I leave my smile to Heidi Winkleman.
Etsuke	I leave my nails to Kathy Derum, along with my long, straight hair to Connie Angulo.
Marina	I leave my P.E. enthusiasm to Sylvia Herrera and Patricia Alvarez.
Mincho V.	I leave my love for Luz Esteves to Ramón Curros.
Pineda	I leave my height to Roger Beinhart.
Magaña	I leave my lips to Joyce Phillips.
Bob	I leave all my B.S. to whomever wants it.
Luz	I leave my makeup to Isabella Rissi.
Coralia	Dejo me rango de sargento a Idalia Rodríguez.
Fidel	Dejo mi "calibre" a Villacorta.
Michel	Dejo me joroba a Sonia Sonia Silva.
Henry	Dejo mis gluteos a Evangelina Sol.
Cheyo	Dejo me musculatura a Robalino.
Jaim	I leave \$2.50 for a haircut.
Connie	I leave my short, blonde hair to Rosa María Mayén.
Marta Inés	Dejo mi perseverancia a Mincho González.

Nora	Dejo mi "Virgen Santísima!" a Locha Mendoza.
Kryssia	Dejo mi excelente inglés a Lisa Willis.
Titi	Dejo mis "pelos" a Ramón Curros.
Bella	I leave my dark, black hair to Linda Whittaker along with my shoe size to Mark Anderson.
Carol	I leave my troubles to Allan Griffin or to Carolina Guillén.
Carmen	I leave my "thin" lips to Lourdes Llach.
Wallace	I leave my "peach-fuzz" to Adelmo.
Daniel	I leave my "yo-yo" wisdom to my brother Bernardo.
Geoff	I leave my tranquility to "Chichicaste" Campo.
John	I leave my reputation with Stemp to Nena Ghiringhello.
Timothy	I leave my permiscuity to Ivonne Kuri.
Ricardo	I leave my "excessive" height to "Enano" Anderson.
Tony	I leave my gentlemanly manners toward girlfriends to Gerald O'Farrell.
Ginny	I leave my lady-like sitting manners to Ileana Gutiérrez or to Anabella Dutriz.
Rebecca	I leave my willpower to diet to María Elena Safie. or to my sister.
Teresa	Dejo mi simpatía y las ganas de hacer relajo con los chicos a Patricia Sanders.
Licha M.	I leave my height to Sylvia Avila.
Cecilia M.	I leave my skinny legs to Miriam Hernández.
Roxana	Dejo mi cabellera a Gracia Torres.
Pepe	I leave my yearbook room key to anyone interested.

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Good Luck on
 finals ...

HAPPY
 VACATION

GOOD BY